

# THE LIGUORIAN



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*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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JANUARY, 1925

No. 1

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## The New Year

'Tis done; this year I bring to Thee,  
Dear Jesus, Giver of them all;  
It was a grace thou gavest me  
To trade with till the shadows fall.

Its moments that at dawning seemed to be,  
A very sea unlimited and dark—  
Have one by one, rolled onward steadily,  
The tolling bells their passage mark.

I loved you, year, that walked with me  
So quietly,—yet lending e'er  
The riches of your moments lavishly  
For all my needs, in dark or fair.

Each day brought toil—toil, rest;  
Each one brought sorrow—sorrow, balm;  
Each one brought joy—joy, zest;  
Each one brought God—God, calm.

'Tis past—and scarce a mark remains  
Of all the clouds that loomed at dawn;  
Forgotten are its dreaded griefs and pains,  
Its joys but stay—a reassuring pawn.

Then forward to the onward coming year;  
Launch on its sea with courage high;  
God comes with dawn—what wilt thou fear?  
God in the twilight hour is nigh.

—Aug. T. Zeller, C. Ss. R.

## Father Tim Casey

### THE NEW CODE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The ways of conciliation, not of litigation, are the normal ways of a representative of the Prince of Peace. But when a half-drunken speed maniac smashes into the side of your car, then hurries to a court of justice to sue you for damages besides, what can you do but seek legal aid to save yourself from the poorhouse? It was just that which had brought Father Timothy Casey to the offices of P. M. O'Donahue, attorney-at-law. A casual remark, dropped by the priest, towards the close of the interview gave occasion to the following brief explanation of the much misunderstood question of church laws. I believe he had said, in reference to some accessory matter: "I must look it up in the new code," or words to that effect. O'Donahue came back like a shot:

"I say, Father Casey," in his eagerness he was leaning half way over the big flat-top desk, "what do you mean by the 'new code'?"

"The new book of Church laws."

"What are Church laws? Who makes them? What are they about? Who publishes this code? Why do you say, 'new book of Church laws'? What's new, the laws or the book?" Catching himself in the torrent of questions into which his impetuosity had carried him, he laughed boyishly, then added: "Pardon me, Father Casey, you are not on the witness stand. But this whole matter has always been so mysterious, so vague to me, that I should appreciate most deeply a few words of explanation, provided my request is in order."

"Perfectly in order, Mr. O'Donahue, I assure you. In fact, I am delighted to find you interested in Church legislation, so few of our people show a desire to know anything at all about it."

"I have had the desire. That much is certain. Though you will say, Father, that, like all my religious desires, it was weak, otherwise I should have taken practical means to satisfy it, by coming to you for an explanation. But to the point: last Sunday Father Black, preaching on impediments to marriage, said: 'Since the new code, third cousins can validly marry; to determine the validity of such a marriage, we must, first of all, determine whether the marriage took place before or after the publication of the new canon law.' Another Sunday, I heard



you, yourself, say: 'Since the new Church law, you can make your Easter duty wherever you please.' Now, what is this 'new code,' this 'new canon law,' Father Black spoke about? What is this 'new Church law,' to which you referred? Are they different things or merely different names for the same thing?"

"In the year 1917," the priest began, "there was issued a code of canon law. As this code is new, and as canon law is another name for Church law, we call this code, the new Church law or the new canon law or the new code or, simply, the code."

"Church law," mused the lawyer. "When I studied catechism as a boy, there was, I remember, one question about the laws of the Church, or the precepts of the Church, as the catechism put it. The answer covered about half a page—it seemed long enough to me then, when I had to recite it for my dad before he would let me go out to play—but I can't see why you need a law book for these six laws or even any new modification of them."

"What are the six precepts of the Church?" The question was curt and short, classroom style.

O'Donahue, the grey-haired lawyer, was carried back in spirit to boyhood days. He answered in scholar's singsong:

"To fast and abstain on days appointed. Not to marry within the fourth degree of kindred nor privately without witnesses. To—to—"

Father Casey came to the aid of the lawyer's misty memory.

"To hear Mass and abstain from servile work on Sundays and Holydays of obligation. To confess your sins at least once a year. To receive Communion during Easter time. To contribute towards the support of the Church, the school, and the pastor."

"Exactly," cried O'Donahue, "I remember them all now."

"You see," said the priest, "these are simply a few of the Church laws of the most practical importance in the ordinary life of a layman. That is why these six laws were put in the catechism. It would be useless to ask a boy in the catechism class to study the hundreds of other laws appertaining to the organization and government of the Church."

"Then there are hundreds of other Church laws?" asked O'Donahue in wonder.

Father Casey answered his question by asking another:

"You have heard even non-Catholics admit that the Catholic Church is a wonderful organization, have you not?"

"Often."

"Well, can you conceive a 'wonderful organization,' extending over the whole world and functioning for nearly nineteen hundred years, without a complete set of laws for its direction?"

"I'm an ass!" O'Donahue hurled this compliment at himself with true Celtic fervor. "Of course, the Church must have laws. Any blockhead can see that. And I now remember we had an entire treatise on Church legislation in law school. But, as I didn't understand it then, and never had occasion to refer to it since, it had entirely slipped my memory. Let me see. What would these laws mainly treat of?"

"The Church," said Father Casey in reply, "is governed by the Pope, bishops and parish priests. The Pope is assisted by committees of cardinals, each committee taking care of some special phase of the general government. Then, too, the Pope has permanent representatives in the various countries, and special representatives for special occasions. Every bishop is assisted in local Church government by an advisory board, called the cathedral chapter or the diocesan consultors. He is further assisted by a vicar general, a chancellor, a matrimonial court, and various other officials. Parish priests often have one or more assistants. Being a lawyer, you will readily understand that this vast and complicated machinery cannot be kept running smoothly without numerous definite and detailed laws; laws governing the appointment, transfer, or resignation of any of these persons, laws clearly stating their respective rights and duties, laws pointing out their mutual relations so as to obviate the miseries of overlapping jurisdiction. Besides all this, there are hundreds of different religious orders. There must, therefore, be another complete set of laws determining what is necessary to become a member of one of these religious orders, to be made a superior is one of these orders, the rights and duties of the members and the superiors, the mutual relations between the religious orders and the bishops and parish priests.

"Furthermore," he continued, "as the existence of bishops, parish priests, and religious orders necessarily presupposes the existence of dioceses, parishes, monasteries and convents, there must be well-defined laws regarding the formation, extension, limitation, union, division, or suppression of dioceses, parishes, monasteries and convents.

"Then, too, there must be laws for the laity; laws stating clearly to what they are bound in regard to fast and abstinence; laws safeguard-

ing the sanctity of marriage; laws outlining what preparation they must make for the proper reception of the sacraments, and so forth."

"With all these laws," said O'Donahue, "it would seem that we need lawyers in the Church just as we need lawyers in the State."

"True," assented the priest, "and we have them, too. We have experts who make a special study of the laws of the Church and receive, on the successful termination of their course, the title, Doctor of Canon Law. Not only have we lawyers, we have also judges and courts, where all disputes about ecclesiastical matters are settled in full legal form, and where all accusations against any member of the clergy are juridically investigated and passed upon. All this calls for a complete set of laws governing judgments and trials."

"Now I really see how many laws the Church needs to maintain her organization," said the lawyer.

"Yes, Mr. O'Donahue, you see, in a general way, the essential principles underlying Church legislation, but you do not even begin to see how numerous and exact Church laws must be. You know—just to give you one instance—that the sacrifice of the Mass is offered up in the same way throughout the whole world, in the same way for hundreds of years, but has never occurred, even to your legal mind, what an exact and careful set of laws is required to preserve this uniformity. The vestment, for example, which you saw on the priest last Sunday, is regulated by Church law. There is a law determining how that particular vestment must be fashioned, the material of which it is to be made, the power and jurisdiction necessary to bless it, the time, place, and ceremony at which it is to be worn, and the person entitled to wear it."

"Who makes Church laws?"

"The making of a Church law is a long, careful, and complicated process; but, in the last analysis, it is made by the Pope and becomes binding at the time and in the manner he signifies when he promulgates the law."

"I see a difficulty there," said O'Donahue, "one Pope makes a law, and a later Pope changes that law. Yet we hold that the teaching of the Church never changes. I suppose you make a distinction between teaching and legislation?"

"Precisely. Just as different school teachers may legislate differently regarding the time and method of recitation; but all must teach

the same regarding the sum of two plus two, so succeeding Popes may legislate differently, but all must teach the same. Jesus Christ founded his Church to sanctify, teach, and govern the people. She *sanctifies* them by means of the seven sacraments which Christ instituted. She can never change these sacraments in the slightest degree. She *teaches* the people the truths which Christ revealed. She can never change these truths, even in one word or one syllable. She *governs* the people in spiritual matters by the power which Christ gave her. But the very idea of government presupposes modification of laws in accordance with the changing circumstances of time and place."

"Did this new code of canon law change all the laws of the Church?"

"Far from it. The new code changed relatively few laws, and even these, as a rule, it changed only in minor details. It was much more a matter of codification than of legislation. Try to visualize the situation. The Church has been in existence for nearly nineteen hundred years. It extends over the whole known world. The government of the United States, on the contrary, has been in existence only one hundred and forty-eight years and extends only over this one country. As a lawyer, you have some idea of how laws have piled up here and how difficult it is to extract from the mass of existing legislation the law that holds today in regard to certain questions."

"I'll say I do," was O'Donahue's fervent, if not slangy, corroboration.

"Then try to imagine the heart-breaking task which confronted a canonist, when he tried to determine the existing law on some knotty question from the papal bulls, decrees of councils, answers of congregations, decisions of tribunals, and so forth, which had been piling up for nineteen centuries. In 1904, Pope Pius X, so famed for his practical common sense, set to work to accomplish, what had been the dream of his life, an authentic codification of canon law. He formed a commission, made up of the ablest experts in canon law to be found in the whole world. He ordered them to outline the new code. He sent this outline to every bishop in the world to be examined and returned with any suggestion or criticism he or his advisors might see fit to make. Then he told the committee to classify these suggestions and criticisms and push forward with the work. The committee formed a number of subcommittees, each made up of experts in some special branch of

canon law. Each subcommittee examined, thoroughly, all the legislation that had ever been made on that particular question, tried to find the existing legislation, condensed it into brief, compact form, suggested any change they considered necessary to meet present conditions, and submitted the result, with a summary of their discussions, and a list of all previous laws on the subject, to the general committee. The general committee examined the report, gave their views on it, and sent it back to the subcommittee for renewed examination and discussion. When required, special commissions were formed to go into special phases of difficult matters. Decisions were asked from learned men in all parts of the world. Some questions were reviewed in the general committee as many as ten or twelve times. When, at last, the great work was completed, a copy of the code was sent to every bishop in Christendom with orders to examine it and once more send in any suggestions or criticisms he or his advisors might see fit to make. The whole code was then worked over once more with an eye to these suggestions and criticisms, and, at last, after more than twelve solid years of work, Pope Benedict XV (Pope Pius had died in the interval) promulgated the new code of canon law. By his power as supreme spiritual lawgiver in the Church, he suppressed the mass of legislation which had been accumulating for nineteen hundred years and declared that, from Easter Sunday, May 19th, 1918, all the laws, and only the laws, listed either directly or indirectly in the new code, would have binding force in the Catholic Church."

O'Donahue cast a despairing look over the yellow tomes, which lined his offices from floor to ceiling, and murmured:

"If that same blessed thing were done with our civil laws, fewer lawyers would succumb to high blood pressure."

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A violent woman drives a fellow to drink, but a nagging one drives him crazy. She takes his faults and ties them to him like a tin can to a yellow dog's tail, and the harder he runs to get away from them the more he hears of them. (*Lorimer.*)

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Superiority makes every man its equal; it is courtesy without condescension; affability without familiarity; self-sufficiency without selfishness; simplicity without snide.

## And They Lived Happily

### A TRUE STORY

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

There was a heated argument in Donnelly's home, and, for a while, it seemed as if the household gods had all deserted the establishment, and taken sweet peace with them. The immediate cause of the disturbance was the mission that was being conducted in the parish to which the Donnellys belonged. Not the mission either, but what the missionary had said that particular night.

"Now, Evelyn," said Mrs. Donnelly, "you know the missionary was right, and you ought to follow his advice."

"Ah, mother," came the quick retort, "those priests are too strict. And besides they don't know Howard."

"No," suggested John, the tormenting brother, "that's true. They haven't been going out with him five times a week like you've been doing."

At this juncture war was declared—a regular civil war—Evelyn Donnelly threatening to recede from the family union. After a few brief skirmishes, during which some reputations were severely wounded, Mr. Donnelly called a truce, and the contending parties retired for the night.

Evelyn Donnelly was the pride of St. Thomas' Parish—that type of a young lady whose eyes and manner unconsciously portrayed the nobility of a virtuous soul. She was admired by all, and loved by not a few. Many young men contended for the privilege of winning her affections. None had more success than Howard Rankin—a straightforward, manly fellow, handsome, too, and a college graduate. It played no part, of course, in the game of love; but there is no harm in mentioning that Mr. Rankin owned a splendid automobile. Recently all Evelyn Donnelly's interests were centered in Howard, and most of her spare time was spent in his Lincoln.

Down at the office, on the day following the declaration of war in her home, Evelyn was very much disturbed. She had made up her mind to marry Rankin. In fact, she was engaged to him. More than that, the date of their wedding was set. But the missionary had spoken, last night, on mixed marriages, and his words were before her like a haunting ghost.

"Mixed marriages are the most fruitful source of the loss of faith in our beloved land. For every one you show me that seems to be a happy mixed marriage I will point you to a hundred that are not happy, and that because they are mixed marriages. The foundation-stone of a home's happiness is religion. When the religion of a man and that of his wife are opposed to each other; when a husband must disregard, or only smilingly consent to what his wife considers most sacred; when a wife may not in conscience worship at the altar of her husband's faith, you cannot say the foundation of true earthly happiness is there."

So the words reechoed through Evelyn's soul. Mechanically, she took care of the work that day. Everything went wrong. The boss scolded. The typewriter was disagreeable. The office boy spilled ink all over the sleeve of her dress. The whole day seemed like a week.

"I'll go straight to that missionary," said Evelyn, "and explain the entire matter to him."

So she did.

"Father, my case is different. Howard is not like other men. He has promised me that he will never interfere with my religion. And, Father, I know he will keep his word."

"Ah," said the priest, "I've heard that before."

"But, Father, Howard is just adorable."

The missionary smiled. He knew that it would be an easier task to put out the sun than to convince a girl in love that she might be wrong."

"Good-bye, Miss Donnelly," he said, "I'm very glad you called."

A week or two after the mission it became generally known that Evelyn Donnelly and Howard Rankin were engaged. Clearly, Evelyn had been a victor so far in the civil war. Came at last the deciding battle.

On the day before the wedding Howard Rankin was seated at the table in Father Ronan's office, chatting with his sweetheart, telling her for the millionth time, what a life of comfort and luxury he would give her.

Father Ronan entered. The necessary formalities of introduction were completed. Then—

"Mr. Rankin, before you can be married by the Church to this young lady, you must sign the following promises."

Father Ronan read the pre-nuptial promises.



"Thus," he continued, "you not only agree that you will not interfere with your wife in the practice of her religion, but you promise, in addition, that all your children will be baptized, and brought up in the Catholic Faith. And furthermore, that if God wills to take your wife from you, before the children are reared, you will continue to bring them up in that Faith."

The priest handed the paper to Rankin.

"Sign your name there, and I hope it's the name of a man."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, a man will not sign his name to promises that he does not intend to keep."

"But my religion and my rights are not considered in this matter. Have I no rights at all?"

"No, sir, none," coldly from Father Ronan.

Rankin's pride was up. No priest could speak that way to him. He covered his pen, and pushed the paper away from him.

"I have a conscience, too," he said.

"Then you won't sign?"

"Not now."

The priest looked at Evelyn. She was standing at one end of the table, staring through the window across the little room.

Was she thinking of those words of the missionary, "Two religions opposed to each other cannot bring happiness to your home," or was she recalling that evening last month at the gym, when the team was in line for the pennant, and one more basket was needed to secure the victory. The honor of St. Thomas' Parish was at stake. And she, Evelyn Donnelly, lithe as a deer, dashed across the floor, braving all opposition, and snatched the pennant from the hands of the opponents.

Perhaps, she was listening again to the stories of her aged grandfather, and picturing, as oft in childhood she had done, the struggles her ancestors had endured, the sacrifices they willingly made to preserve their holy faith. Back in the hills of Ireland they were offered food and life if only they would renounce their religion. And they starved to death.

Now she has her choice. Splendid temporal advantages, a wealthy home, a lady's life, a place in high society, or her good, old Irish Faith.

"Which, Evelyn?" seemed to be in the eyes of Father Ronan as he turned towards her.

Bowing formally towards Rankin, Evelyn said: "Good-bye sir," and to the priest, "Good-bye, Father," and turned towards the door.

"Wait a minute," said Rankin, excitedly, "if its that serious, Evelyn, I 'll sign those promises."

"Good-bye, sir." The door closed gently. The priest and Howard Rankin were alone.

A month after the facts above related took place, a young man called at Father Ronan's office.

"Do you remember me, sir?" he asked, with a smile.

"Why, yes," said the priest, "you're the young man who refused some time ago to sign the promises."

"Yes, sir, I mean, yes, Father."

"Have you fixed it up again with Miss Donnelly?"

"No, Father. I called her up a few times, but as soon as she heard my name, she refused to speak to me. I went out to her house once, and she would not see me."

"Well, well. And what can we do for you now?"

Father Ronan was puzzled.

"I want to be instructed in the Catholic religion."

"You, what?"

"Yes, sir—ah, yes, Father. I've been thinking of all you said to me. I'm convinced that a religion which holds so firmly to its principles, and has such power over its subjects, is worth studying."

"Do you hope, young man, that you will win back Evelyn in that way?"

"No," emphatically, "Miss Donnelly has gone out of my life entirely."

"Very well, then, let's begin."

A year later Howard Rankin was married at a Solemn High Mass in St. Thomas' Church, and the following week Evelyn Donnelly became Mrs. Patrick Murphy.

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After all, there's no fool like a young fool, because in the nature of things he has a long time to live.

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It's alright to say nothing about the dead but good; but it's better to apply the rule to the living.

## The Student Abroad

### II. AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE ORIENT

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Students of history, those who do more than merely turn pages and gaze at pictures, will readily recall the age-old struggle between East and West; the East of the regions beyond the Hellespont and the West of Europe. From the days when the Persian Empire crossed the Aegean and tried to crush the comparatively infant nation of Greece, through the period of reaction when Greek nationhood matured, led by the peerless Alexander, swept the East and placed it beneath European dominion, on through the years when sturdy Rome clashed with orientalized Greece and conquered it, down through the Middle Ages when Eastern customs and traditions and Western customs and traditions caused friction in church and state alike, even to the present when America's allies had to combat a foe allied with Oriental Mohammedans risen in a new "holy war"; the struggle has gone on.

We saw it typified—painted on a canvas of sea and sky and broken shoreline—as the bow of our steamer turned toward Gibraltar. To the right, the hills rolled back and upward till they joined the mountains in the distance. Each hill of any prominence was crowned with a cylindrical tower made of stone, the watchtowers of the Moors. This was on the African shore. To the left, loomed the solitary, threatening, colossal mass of the Rock of Gibraltar. One phase of it interested the passengers; which side of the rock looked like the trade-mark of the Prudential Life Insurance Company? After a time, we thought we could figure it out. Beneath and behind its seeming stolid mass, we knew were veritable caverns made by human hands, devised by human ingenuity, to shield the guns that point to the east and south, to the hills of the Moorish watchtowers; the watchtower of the West.

Inland, the Alhambra and Granada stand witnesses to a day that is gone, when the Orient with its demoralizing influence, its poisons of luxury and paganism stepped for a time on European soil, and was expelled. Some historians may write, dipping their pens in tears, of "The Last Sigh of the Moor," but the watchdog of Gibraltar looks over the miles of deep blue water to the round battlemented towers of another civilization, and we are glad.

A heliograph signals from the rock; a sailor runs a string of flags to the masthead—the name of the ship. Answering flashes send an answer; we pass on and await Algiers.

Good fortune awaits us; a cloudless dawn, a bright, clear day with just enough breeze to make it pleasant; and the headlands of Algiers in sight. The rugged African shore is in plain view with its sullen, jagged hills; its scattered villages of small white houses; and to us, its mystery. For mystery there is. As people congregate on the deck to gaze at what in America would be considered uninteresting scenery, it is noteworthy how thoughtful they become. They are thinking of the continent; the "Darkest Africa" of Stanley and Livingstone, that lies stretched behind that natural bulwark. For us Redemptorists, there was added interest. We thought of the heroic Fathers working in the missions inland; doing their bit to bring the light into darkness; knowing that the tendency of darkness is not "to comprehend it." But Algiers is in sight.

Far up on a promontory that forms the western side of the harbor of Algiers, an edifice greatly resembling a mosque was silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky. Complete, even to the minaret, or what seemed to be the tower from which the Mohammedan muezzin calls the faithful to prayer; we never dreamed at the time that it was the beautiful church of the missionary sisters of St. Francis, Notre Dame de l'Afrique. Even the two sisters on board, who belonged to that order, did not know the place. Rounding the point, we entered the bay and moved slowly to the place of anchorage amid other liners from various parts of the world. But the mode of anchoring was unique. The steamer turned around, then reversed the engines, till the stern was about fifty yards from the dock. To negotiate the distance that remained to the shore in the lighters, rowed by Arab oarsmen, cost each passenger twenty-five cents, each way. Always in American money. But we knew that silver is not very good in exchange; they prefer to have American bills; so the word was passed around, and all the passengers paid silver. It was an interesting trip in spite of its brevity; for our pilot had to pick his way through a swarm of small boats loaded to the gunwales with fruit, vegetables and trinkets. The whole procedure was accompanied by an incessant chattering, as the various pilots berated each other.

Usually there are divers waiting in boats to dive for coins; but it

was probably too late in the year; at any rate they were missing. However, we were much too interested in the scenery to worry about that. From the old, stone breakwater, to the long, inclined plane that leads to the city proper and its hills bearing rows of buildings arranged in terrace formations—like the seats in a theater—with the big white mosque—the real mosque—in the center; the variety of views was fascinating. For here the East and West had met and blended.

In the foreground lay the modern, well-designed buildings of the French section. Back of the French city, hidden in crooked alleys that pass for streets; many of them so steep, they are merely long stairways, and all of them winding and twisting with every natural variant in the slope of the hill on which they are located, lay the old, mysterious region of the Arabs. And three hours to see it all!

Once on shore, we had our introduction to the "unspeakable" Turk, or his equivalent, the Mohammedan Arab. Crowds of beggars and cheap venders; guides and automobile drivers; chattering loud and fast in French. As some of our party, made up of all the priests on board, could speak French, we got rid of the pests that offered their services, hired two machines, and started for our first objective, the Monastery of the White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie.

The trip took us through the section of the city that in dignity stands between the up-to-date French and the old Arab. Fourteen kilometers of traveling through the outskirts of Algiers, around the farther shore of the bay, through the vineyards outside the city, into straggling villages offered us enough knowledge of the place to be able to contrast it with the charming peace and religious calm and idyllic beauty of the Monastery. Our way had brought us past cheap cafes, small, dirty shops, open-air bazaars; through streets where the veiled ladies of the Orient walk side by side with their sisters of the West; where lean, lank, fez-crowned sheiks with the inevitable cigarette hanging from their loose lips, stolidly watch the Christian dogs roll by; where filth seems the rule and cleanliness the exception; where pagan vice clad in tawdry gilt stalks open in the streets. The Monastery was an oasis indeed.

Gardens and vineyards under cultivation; strong well-designed buildings, a beautiful chapel, testify to the success of the Fathers in this section of the world. Civilization, Christian civilization striving to take root. In the museum of the Monastery, were some results of the

excavations carried on by the Fathers in Carthage; accounts of which were published in the American papers last year. Inscriptions, symbols engraved on slabs of stone, Christian epitaphs; remains of a Christian city long disappeared. Martyrs there have been; and they point to a long, glass case in a corner of the room in which a cast made of a martyr saint is shown. The figure represents the body as it was discovered in the course of the excavations. In other parts of the museum are weapons and shields used by the various savage tribes inland; and a grewsome lot they are. In still another case is a collection of glass jars containing specimens of the various venomous reptiles the missionaries encounter in their labors. One must see these to begin to appreciate the sacrifice the foreign missionaries make when they leave home and its comforts for the field afar.

But time was short, and the sisters had not seen their convent. So the party divided. Half went in one machine with the guide; the rest took the other machine and set out for the convent of Notre Dame de l'Afrique. It was then that we learned that the building we had taken to be a mosque on the brow of the precipice just outside of Algiers, was our destination. We were fourteen kilometers on the other side of Algiers; and this convent was on the opposite side, on the summit of a steep hill. One American priest in the party told the Father, who was acting as interpreter for the chauffeur, to direct him to "Step on the gas." He caught the idea, and back we sailed over the route we had come, through the same old villages, past the same decrepit cafes.

The sun was sinking swiftly; there is little twilight in these regions; and the peculiar mellow light made the scene as we passed the ramparts overlooking the harbor, one of entrancing beauty. But it was only for a moment. Shortly after passing the center of the city, or rather the business section, it can hardly be said to have a center, our car turned sharply up a narrow street.

Then began a journey that for thrills exceeded anything we had ever experienced. The road was so narrow, only one machine or wagon could pass at a time. It must have been our guardian angels that went ahead and inspired the wagon-drivers to defer their journeys till we had passed. And foot-passengers are left to their own resources. Yet there are no accidents. After a few minutes driving between tall solemn buildings, with the mysterious grated windows of the Orient overlooking the street, and cavernous doorways yawning at the very

running-board of the machine, we left the city and began our winding course to the top of the hill. The road turned on itself again and again; at times so sharply the driver could not get the machine around in one curve. And when he backed up to get a few more inches space between the front wheels and the low stone parapet that marked the edge of the road, we held our breaths. Far below, lay the houses of Algiers; between them and us, a beautiful, steep slope, unbroken save for a few furrows made by storms and small groves of trees. If the driver had slipped, but he didn't. And the reception at the convent was worth the excitement of the trip.

While the two sisters were welcomed by the members of their Order, the rest examined the Church. If the Monastery had been a striking contrast with what we had seen in the city of Algiers, this convent chapel was stunning. All the ingenuity of French faith and French taste had been expended on the interior of the Church. And the secret was written on the stone slabs that made up the wall of the sanctuary; each slab an "Ex Voto" of thanksgiving for some favor received through intercession made at this shrine. And we learned that every prominent person who comes to Algiers makes the Chapel of Notre Dame one of his principal places of visit. And the sailors, so we heard, before they set out to sea, come up here, to recommend themselves and their voyage to the care of our Lady.

From the courtyard, we could see Algiers and the bay spread like a toy city on a table. Far out to sea, a liner was sailing into the growing dusk; retracing the path we had used in our approach in the morning. Near by, we noticed a large group of buildings. These, we learned, were the buildings of a school conducted by the Sisters. Farther up the hill, and to the rear, the roof of Cardinal Lavignerie's palace could be seen. In a few minutes, the Superioress appeared and invited all of us to visit the palace. The driver tuned up the car, and again we went winding up the tortuous path; sometimes between high stone walls; sometimes on the edge of a dizzy hill. When we reached the courtyard of the palace, we were welcomed by a Sister in charge of the place, and escorted at once to the library used by the heroic Cardinal during the last period of his life here. The library opens on a balcony that overlooks the Mediterranean and the city. We were just in time; daylight would last only a few more minutes; and the view in the golden sunlight of the evening was indescribable. And like a jewel in a



weird setting, the Church of Notre Dame, stood out in strange, striking relief against the broad background of the distant city; just as the prayerful lives and heroic sacrifices of the sisters and priests laboring in that vicinity stand out in bold relief against the background of paganism and vice. We heard footsteps on a pavement below us; looking over the parapet we saw clerics walking in a garden; Jesuits in training for the work of the missions. And so it goes on. The White Fathers told us they had sixty novices and postulants in their monastery, and on this side of the city was another stronghold. We recalled the slogan of the crusade in America, "The Sacred Heart for the World and the World for the Sacred Heart," and before we bade a reluctant farewell to that spot of hallowed memories, we breathed a prayer for these heroes and heroines, who, unknown to the world, are working against heavy odds to bring this abandoned spot to the feet of the Sacred Heart.

Back again through the streets already alive with night life, back past groups of turbaned sheiks or at least Mohammedan rank and file, past troops of soldiers wearing fezes, through the dirty mob infesting the dock, out through the swarm of boats to the steamer. There we learned, that in our absence, the Arabs had struck on their job of coaling the ship; and the captain had fired them all. So we were to sail at once with just enough coal to get us to Naples.

It was evening and dark when we pulled up anchor. Back of us, the city was aglow with light. Far up to the right, we could see the few scattered lights of the area about the convent; and far to the left, at the extremity of the bay, a few equally scattered lights marked the Monastery of the White Fathers. In the center, the brilliant glow of a modern city with every convenience.

Another day's sail, and the Bay of Naples was in sight. Famed in poetry and art, it lived up to its reputation. The Island of Capri; majestic Vesuvius, crowned this morning with a heavy halo of dark cloud, the remains of a storm; Pompeii and Herculaneum; the hills and scattered residences of the outskirts of Naples; the harbor filled with its queer assortment of shipping, ranging from gigantic liners to tiny fishing schooners; in the distance the hazy outlines of the Apennines; and over all the morning sun.

We are in Italy; land of dead history and living romance; land of song and beauty and art and—Faith! Land where the marvelous is

the ordinary, and to the student from America, at least, the ordinary becomes the marvelous. Somewhere we hear the bells of a church, or perhaps of several churches, announcing the morning Mass. It is typical. Italy has been, is, and will be Catholic. We have come as strangers; yet we are among our own.

(To Be Continued)

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### WHEN CHRIST CAME

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There was a certain Christian man who always said grace before meals, using the familiar words:

"Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored."

One day his little boy said:

"Papa, you always ask Jesus Christ to come and be present at our table, but He never does come." His father said:

"Wait and see."

That very day, while at dinner, a knock was heard at the door. A poor man stood there, who said:

"I am starving; I am very poor and miserable; I am very hungry and miserable and cold." The father said:

"Come in, come and sit down and have a bit of our dinner."

The little boy said: "You may have all my helping."

So he gave him all his helping and the poor man had a very good dinner. After the stranger had gone the father said to his son:

"Didn't Jesus come? You said he never came. There was that poor man, and Christ said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Christ sends his representative. What you have done to that poor man is the same as if you had done it to Christ."

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It's easier to look wise than to talk wisdom. When a man is listening he isn't telling on himself and he is flattering the other fellow.

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There's nothing comes without calling in this world, and after you've called you've generally got to go and fetch it yourself.

## Buddy

### THAT CHRISTMAS TREE

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Mrs. Roberts lived alone with her daughter Esther. Her husband had died when, as she put it, their honeymoon had scarcely worn off. Her boy, too, had passed away, and through all the years, around Christmas time, a feeling of loneliness would creep over her. She always wanted a Christmas tree; it brought back the old times.

"Oh, mother," said Esther, "what's the use of a Christmas tree to us? It only makes a pile of dirt from the falling needles and clutters up the parlor."

"Yes, yes, Esther, you're right," said Mrs. Roberts, "but, I want it in memory of our little boy. You remember how he used to enjoy it, and I am living in the past. Memories are my only joys."

Esther looked at her.

"Pardon me, Esther," she went on quickly, going over to her daughter and folding her tenderly in her arms. "Not my only joys. Oh, thank God, I have you, the dearest girl."

"There now, mother, thanks," said Esther feelingly. And for a while they clung to each other in silence.

"And you shall have the tree, mother; I'm going out at once to get it," finally said Esther.

"Dear girl, it will be such a joy. I'm getting childish, I suppose; but somehow I want one this year more than ever. It may be my last; and last night I dreamed of it, and our little boy was here, playing around it as he used to. Ah, if he were here!"

"Well, we'll have a tree, mother," soothed Esther, "just as pretty as ever. You get the stand ready and the ornaments out of the box, and as soon as I come back we'll be ready to fix it up." With that she went out and hurried down the street to make her purchases on the avenue. She was sorry she had ever spoken of trouble in regard to the tree. In reality she would not have enjoyed Christmas herself without it. The snow crackled under her feet, the wind blew icily, the clouds were low, and though it was only half past four, it was already fairly dark. The automobile lights glowed red in the gloom as they glided down the street. She was singing to herself as she walked, the old, old Christmas songs.

Disappointment awaited her. Arrived on the avenue, she could procure no tree. All had been sold out. She telephoned from one place to another; always the same reply. Sadly she went back to her mother.

"It's no use, mother," she said as she entered the room, "we're too late. The trees are all sold. I tried everywhere."

The look of disappointment on her mother's face touched her to the quick. Already the stand was prepared and decorated tastily; the ornaments and tinsel were all laid out, no doubt, with fond reminiscences over the old ones that her little boy had played with, that had made his eyes dance with delight in days gone by. It seemed to leave such a void in the mother's heart.

"There, mother," said Esther, unable to stand it any longer, "don't take it so hard. I'll get an artificial tree and some garlands and we can still hang the ornaments and make the room look Christmassy." With that she went out once more; this time she was not singing.

Down along the street where Esther had to pass stood a house which was always more or less of a mystery to the neighbors. Its only occupant ordinarily was a lady with iron gray hair. Now and then she kept boarders. Just at present a little golden-haired lad was staying with her. Of all things in the world—a little golden-haired lad!

Poor little fellow! said the neighbors. He seemed to be just the sweetest disposition imaginable, as unsuited to his surroundings, despite his ragged clothes and shoes, as would be an angel on a movie theater. No one knew his family name; no one knew anything of his history; no one knew whence he came or to whom he belonged. To all he was simply "Buddy," and there wasn't a youngster in the block that did not like to play with him, and there wasn't a mother in the block that hadn't caressed his curly locks. There was in his eyes a deep pathetic look, even when he smiled, that made him look serious for a lad of eight. He was perfectly trustful and confiding in everybody—an unspoiled nature. He must have had a splendid mother.

But life was not easy on him. Its blows struck him early, like a rose surprised by the frost.

This afternoon he had been on the avenue—no one seemed to care where he went—and had watched the Christmas trees for the old man on the corner who sold them. The man, on his return, offered the little chap some money as remuneration. But Buddy's eyes rested wistfully on the few trees that still remained unsold.

"Don't you want the money, Buddy?" asked the old man kindly. "You could buy some candy with it." But Buddy's eyes still rested on the trees. With his little mittened hand he gently fondled them.

"What's the matter, Buddy?" asked the old man again. "Would you like to have one of those trees?"

"Yes, mister," replied Buddy at once, his eyes glistening with delight, "if you please."

"Sure thing!" said the old man. "Funny I didn't think about it. Take any one you want." The choice was made quickly. Hadn't Buddy been looking them over and talking to them for the last hour? The tree was almost too big for him to manage. But away he went with it, dragging and pulling and carrying it by turns, while all the people who passed him smiled and wondered where the tree was going with the little man.

Arrived at home—what he called home—he dragged it straight into the parlor. The next thing was to find a box to make a stand for it; and then he figured on cutting up some red and green paper he had picked up, into all kinds of fancy shapes which only his imagination could devise, to serve as ornaments; and, perhaps, he could get a candle or two. His mind was working fast as he carried in the box and found a hammer. Then he began. For the next few moments he was so engrossed in his work that he did not hear the door open sharply behind him. He leaped to his feet in fright, when suddenly a shrill voice shouted:

"What on earth is all this infernal racket about in here?"

As he turned he saw the lady with the iron-gray hair, who had charge of him. Her face was hard and angry.

"I'm putting up a Christmas tree," he stammered.

"Get out with that; take it out at once!" she commanded.

Buddy stood in front of his tree as if to shield it with his tender body.

"Please," he begged, "can't I? It's Christmas."

"Take it out, you brat; I don't want that dirt in here; Christmas or no Christmas."

As Buddy still hesitated, she stooped to pick up a piece of wood. She made one swing at Buddy; but, Buddy was gone. He flew out of the front door and made for the gate. The lady with the iron-gray hair picked up the tree and flung it through the open door after the

running child, then closed the door with an angry bang. She trampled on the box, smashing it with one blow, and carried it out for firewood.

"The—little imp!" she grumbled to herself, "to dirty up my parlor!"

Buddy, however, made for the gate. He saw nothing. His heart was thumping fiercely with fear. He did not even think where he was running to; he simply ran.

Smack! He came to a sudden stop in the arms of Esther Roberts. That young lady happened by just in time to see the tree come flying out of the house and had stopped in surprise. Luckily too, for else Buddy would have bowled her over in his precipitate flight. As it was she caught him in her arms. He cast one look after him, and at sight of the beloved tree rolling in the snow, his heart seemed to break. He buried his head in Esther's fur coat and sobbed.

"What's the matter, little man?" asked Esther, trying to get a look at his face. "What's happened?"

"The lady threw my Christmas tree out!" sobbed Buddy heart-brokenly.

"Well, well, now," said Esther soothingly but puzzled, "and why don't you take it home, if the lady won't have it? Surely *muvver*," she went on, trying baby-talk, "won't throw it out, will she?"

"That is my home," replied Buddy between tears and rubbing his eyes. "I haven't any mother; you don't say *muvver*, it's mother."

"You dear little fellow," exclaimed Esther laughing and kissing his forehead. This warmed the boy wonderfully. "Of course, it's mother. So you haven't any mother? Who is this lady then?"

"Oh, Dad put me with her. She takes care of me. Dad pays her for it. Mother is dead a long, long time, and Dad doesn't care to have me 'round. And she threw my Christmas tree out," he came back to the one thing that troubled his heart. Esther was puzzled. How to comfort the lad?

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said at length. "What's your name?"

"Buddy, that's what they all call me."

"Buddy what?" asked Esther.

"Buddy," replied the boy. "Just Buddy; I haven't any other name."

"Well, Buddy," continued Esther, "will you sell the tree to me?"

Between gratitude to his new found friend and love for his tree, Buddy was evidently in conflict. He shook his head sadly; it was too hard to part with it.

"No?" put back Esther. "But you could buy yourself some pretty toys with the money—or new shoes—and I would take good care of the tree." Buddy still shook his head. He just loved that tree.

"Ah," said Esther, "I have it. Buddy, you come with me and put up that tree in my parlor, will you?"

"Can I stay with it, too?" asked the boy.

"Surely," replied the young lady. "You must spend Christmas with me."

Buddy clapped his hands and danced with delight. Quickly he ran back into the yard and hauled out the tree.

"Where will we take it?" he asked breathlessly.

"Where is your cap and coat, Buddy?" Esther asked. "You'll catch a cold that way. Go get your hat and coat." Buddy gave one look at the house, and shaking his curly locks, crept close to Esther.

"I'm afraid to go in," he said.

"Come," responded Esther. "I'll go with you." Her plans had now taken shape in her mind. "Come, give me your hand—that's right—and we'll see the lady."

She rang the bell. A face appeared at the window. "No wonder," thought Esther, "the boy was frightened!" The door opened half way and an iron-gray head was poked out.

"What do you want?" asked the lady.

"Madam," replied Esther, a bit confused, "is this your boy?"

"No, not mine; but I'm his guardian. What do you want with him? Come in, you little brat!" she shouted at him, pointing with her finger into the house. Buddy got behind Esther's fur coat.

"I wanted to know," said Esther, "whether I couldn't take the boy home with me for the Christmas holidays—and perhaps for good—I'd take care of him."

"One of those social uplifters, eh?" sneered the lady. "Coming round to rob decent people of their honest wages and snooping into other peoples' business."

"Not at all," replied Esther. "You could have the pay for the boy's keep; only I'd like to have him with us, at our house."

"Oh, then," broke in the lady, "that's all right with me. Take the brat; if I get the money, it's so much saved. Only, I'll have to be able to call for him any time his father calls for him: not that there is any danger he'll want to see him."



"All right, here's my address," replied Esther, finding a card in her purse. "There—and, oh yes, will you give me Buddy's cap and coat, please?" The lady went for it and soon reappeared.

"Here," she said sharply, "that's his rags; you'll find he's awful hard on clothes." She then looked at the card. At the name she made a grimace, and turned her hard piercing eyes on Esther, as if to ask: "I wonder what she's up to?" Then she said abruptly: "Good-bye!" and closed the door in the girl's face. Esther grunted—half amused, half hurt.

"Well," she said turning to Buddy, "that's that. So, you're my brother now. Put on your coat and cap, and then let's see what we'll do first. There," she went on having adjusted the ragged cap to her liking, "are you warm?"

"Sure," said the lad smiling, "I feel so warm, warmer than I ever was." No doubt, half the warmth came from his little heart, that for the first time since his mother's death experienced anything like love.

"Now then," said Esther, "let's go home. Shall I take the tree?"

"We'll both take it," answered the boy, and suiting the action to the word he gave her one end, while he took the other and they started for home.

"Why," exclaimed the mother, as they appeared in the room, "I thought you said there were no more trees to be had?"

"Oh, this one," said Esther with a smile, "came straight from the Infant; it fell from the skies. You put up the tree over there in the stand, Buddy; that's right." Then, turning to her mother, she told her quickly the story of the little lad and the tree.

"Oh, boy!" shouted Buddy, when he saw the tree in place. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes, indeed, it is a beauty," said the mother stroking the lad's head, "it's the tree I prayed for; and my dream has come true; my little boy is home again to have Christmas with mother."

She pressed Buddy to her heart, kissing him. Buddy did not resist. He, too, had dreamed of seeing his mother again.

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Time in this world is too valuable to be frittered away. If you once get that into your head, you won't be so apt to trifle with eternity.

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There isn't any such thing in this world as being your own boss, unless you're a tramp; and then there's the constable.

## The Banner of St. Alphonsus IN IRELAND

T. A. MURPHY, C.Ss.R.

Saint Alphonsus was born at Marianella, near Naples, on the 27th of September, 1696. He grew up bright and keen beyond his years, and made great progress in all kinds of learning. In January, 1713, being then only sixteen years old, he took his degree as Doctor of Laws. Soon after he commenced his studies for the bar, and at about the age of nineteen began to practice his profession in the courts. In the eight years during which he devoted himself to the legal profession, he is said never to have lost a case, and, in fact, despite his youth, he seems to have been one of the leaders of the Neapolitan Bar. God, however, wished the talents of the young lawyer to be devoted to another cause, and in the year 1723 Alphonsus began his road to Damascus. He lost a famous case involving property valued at over £100,000. He was deeply grieved and mortified, and left the court murmuring to himself: "Courts of law, you shall never hear me plead again." Soon after he decided to enter the ecclesiastical state, and despite many difficulties, and much opposition on the part of his father, he carried out his wish. He was ordained priest in December, 1726, being then thirty years old.

It would be too long to chronicle the series of events which led him to lay the foundations of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. For the purpose of this sketch it will suffice to say that his Order was begun in November, 1732, at Scala, a little town in the mountains behind Amalfi; that it met with all the difficulties and opposition and criticism which usually put the Sign of the Cross on every new good work for God; that it triumphed over them all, and received the solemn approbation of the Church at the hands of Pope Benedict XIV in 1749.

In 1762 Alphonsus, much against his will, was consecrated Bishop of the Neapolitan diocese of St. Agatha of the Goths. Thirteen years later, with a frame broken by age, illness and labour, he resigned his see, and returned to his congregation. He died at Pagani on the first of August, 1787, was beatified in 1816, Canonized in 1839, and declared Doctor of the Church in 1871.

In founding the Redemptorist Congregation, St. Alphonsus had in view a body of men who, while carefully attending to their own per-

sonal sanctification, would devote themselves to the work of giving missions and retreats. In the words of their rule, they are "to strive to imitate the virtues and example of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, consecrating themselves especially to the preaching of the word of God to the poor."

In the history of the Congregation founded by St. Alphonsus there are two men whose lives link the name of the holy Founder to Ireland. They are St. Clement Mary Hofbauer and Father Frederick de Held.

St. Clement Mary Hofbauer (1751-1820) is justly considered a second founder of the Redemptorist Order, in the sense that it was through his labors and influence that it crossed the Alps from Italy, and spread over Europe. It needed a man of St. Clement's sanctity to plant an Order in the midst of the tide of godlessness that flowed everywhere over Europe after the French Revolution. But Clement was a great saint, and his natural energy was boundless. Werner, the celebrated Austrian poet and dramatist, a penitent of St. Clement, said of him: "Among living men I know only three of superhuman energy—Napoleon, Goethe and Father Clement." The fact that St. Clement could not get government sanction to found a house of his Order within the Austrian Empire, of which he was himself a subject, is typical of the times in which he lived. But he knew that success would one day crown his efforts to extend the work which his saintly heart loved so well. "The affairs of the Congregation," he declared on one occasion, "will not be settled until after my death. Have patience—I shall have hardly breathed my last when you will have houses in abundance." So sure was the saint of the future success of his work that, although the closing years of his life were spent as chaplain to a convent of Ursuline nuns in Vienna, with no house of his Order to live in, he gathered around him a number of young men, and trained them in the principles of the religious life, knowing that after his death they would be the nucleus of his Congregation beyond the Alps. "In the evening," writes one of his young friends later on, "when the saintly religious returned home tired out from his labors, he would find some twenty or thirty young men waiting for him. Many of these were university students: students of law, or of medicine, or of theology."

These reunions at Father Clement's house became a source of untold good, not to Vienna alone but to all Austria. Not only did the saint assist his young friends to save and sanctify their own souls, but he

induced them to work for God in many a good cause, particularly the cause of the Catholic press. He could not witness unmoved the significant tactics of the continental Free-Masons, who, even then, a century ago, were endeavoring to control the press of Europe. "Oh, the Free-Masons," he would exclaim, "what do they not do to spread the poison of an evil press everywhere! They would like to drive Our Lord from Europe. What a pity that Catholics do not show similar zeal for the cause of God!"

St. Clement was not one of those (too numerous among ourselves today) who sit down and lament the very great evil of an irreligious press and do nothing to check it. He soon had his young disciples busy at work, scattering good seed, and saving souls by the apostleship of the pen. The saint did not write himself—his gifts did not lie that way—but it was his inspiration that set the young writers at work, and it was his counsels that directed them. Many of them did really good work; and the Review edited by one of them attained an enormous circulation throughout Austria and Germany. It was called the "Olive Branch," appeared twice weekly and contained comments on current events, as well as articles on religious, literary and scientific topics.

When St. Clement died, and the Redemptorist Congregation, according to his prediction, received legal sanction in Austria, many of the young students whom he used to gather round him of an evening, joined the Order, of which he had been such a devoted member. In fact, it was principally through means of this group of students that the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer spread throughout the continent of Europe; and it was one of them, Frederick de Held, who, in later years, began the first Redemptorist foundation in Ireland.

Frederick de Held, or von Held, was the son of Michael von Held, Chancellor of the Austrian Empire. For three years he had been the disciple and penitent of St. Clement. He gave up his studies at the University of Vienna, and entered the Redemptorist Order, as soon as it was legally recognized in Austria. In 1823 he was ordained priest, and for ten years he worked with great success in his native land, giving missions and retreats. He was then transferred to Belgium, and became Provincial of the newly-formed Belgian province of his Order in 1841. Two years later, through his personal intervention, a Redemptorist house was established in England; and ten years later, in October, 1851, five of his subjects crossed the Irish Sea to give, at

St. John's Cathedral, Limerick, the first Redemptorist mission in Ireland.

The missionaries were invited by Dr. Ryan, who was then Bishop of the diocese of Limerick. They were all of different nationalities. Father Prost, the Superior, was an Austrian, Father Petcherine was a Russian, Father Van Anwerpen a Dutchman, Father Leo a Belgian, and Father Douglas a Scotsman. The mission was such a success that several others were asked for, and given, in Ireland. In 1853 a house in Limerick, at Bank Place, was rented as a resting-place for the Fathers. In the same year Mr. Monsell, M.P. (afterwards Lord Emly), approached the Superiors in London, and requested them to found a regular Redemptorist house in Ireland. In consequence of this request, Father de Held crossed over to Ireland, and having seen the situation for himself, approved of Mr. Monsell's proposal. In November, 1853, the house of rest at Bank Place, Limerick, became a regular house of the Order. A few years later the Fathers changed their residence to Court Brack at the other end of the city. They called their new home "Mount Saint Alphonsus"—a name by which it has been known ever since. These Redemptorist missionaries were certainly most saintly religious. A rich blessing of God seems to have followed their labors wherever they went. Their missions were asked for on all sides, and many of the secular clergy, as well as young students, joined their ranks. With the increase of personnel the number of houses also increased. Besides the Limerick house, there are four others now in Ireland: St. Joseph's, Dundalk; Clonard Monastery, Belfast; St. Patrick's, Esker, Co. Galway; and Marianella, Rathgar, Dublin. Limerick is the residence of the Provincial Superior, and at Limerick there is also, since 1884, a college where boys desirous of joining the Order receive an intermediate education. Dundalk house is the novitiate. Ecclesiastical studies are conducted at Esker (near Athenry). This house, originally built by the Dominican Fathers, was at one time used as a diocesan seminary. Twenty-two years ago it was purchased, and to a great extent rebuilt, by the Redemptorists. Standing as it does in the midst of the great, open Galway plain, with the breezes from vast stretches of limestone land and of moorland playing freely around it, it makes an ideal home for students.

(To Be Continued)

## **The Shrimp Becomes a Whale**

### **THE SHRIMP ON THE HIGH SEAS OF SUCCESS**

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Irene Mulrean, or rather Mrs. Shrimp Slade, said emphatically that neither she nor the Judge ever had the least reason to repent of the step they had taken in making Mr. Daniel Slade a member of the Mulrean family. This was five years after she had become Mrs. Slade, and two little shrimps were running about the nursery as she said it. As she stated this fact to Father Clane apropos of nothing at all, it must have been the truth.

Oh, yes, Father Clane had married Dan and Irene in the Chapel at St. Matt's and folks declared it the most charming wedding they had ever witnessed. Father Clane said, jokingly, that folks would have been safe in declaring it the most beautiful wedding ceremony ever seen in the Chapel of St. Matt's, since no one had ever been married there before, and no one was likely to be married there again, as he was going to make it an ironclad rule that no one but winners of the Boston Marathon could claim that privilege. Really it was a wonderful wedding just the same. The bride looked so charming that the entire student body of St. Matt's, who had all been invited to the wedding breakfast, all claimed the ancient and honorable privilege of kissing the bride. That part of the party was called off, however, when Rube O'Dare, who had been best man, declared that although the bride had bashfully and, as he thought, rashly consented since she was so overflowing with love to St. Matt's as to be willing to endure anything for the sake of the Shrimp's Alma Mater, nevertheless, he, Rube O'Dare, as president of the Alumni Association, hereby declared that some of the students before him were so horrifyingly homely as to be absolutely unmissable by a female of the species; wherefore and whereas he being made of sterner stuff would kiss the bride himself, and thereafter act as her substitute if any student cared to kiss him. It was some months before the college stopped talking about the wedding ceremony; its solemnity and the air of holiness that pervaded every step in the solemn ritual which bound their idol the Shrimp and the beautiful daughter of Judge Mulrean together for life. Each and every student vowed their adhesion to the views of a non-Catholic who had been privileged to be

present and who said: "If I were a Catholic, I could never consent to be married anywhere else than in church to a Catholic girl at Solemn High Mass."

Be that as it may, the Nuptial Mass seemed to mark the beginning of unalloyed happiness for Dan Slade and his wife Irene. Sailing along serenely on the sea of matrimony, no bickerings or quarrels marred the serenity of their domestic life. Financially they had no worries. The Judge paid Dan a stipulated salary during the few months intervening between his graduation and the time he had been admitted to the bar. After that, cases in abundance, both civil and criminal, poured in upon the ex-magistrate and his young partner. The Judge, with his vast experience on the bench behind him, was an adept in clarifying the most bewildering legal tangles involving the finer points of the law, whilst the quick witted Shrimp, with a brilliant mind and a studious nature acquired at St. Matt's, added to a native fervid eloquence, soon became known as a master in criminal defense.

The partners had scarcely graduated into the class of legal talent known as specialists and experts, than public opinion began to point to the Shrimp as the logical candidate for district attorney in the approaching election. Such is often the case in the metropolis. No sooner does a young lawyer distinguish himself in the courts than the newspapers begin to mention him as "the brilliant young legal light, who may some day be district attorney." Usually the sachems of Tammany Hall grin gleefully at such press notices, and when election time rolls around, carefully choose an older henchman, tried and true, for the post; whilst regretfully informing the public that so many brilliant young lawyers being capable of filling the office of district attorney with credit to the party, rendered the choice of an older man imperative in order to preserve party harmony. Then the young legal lights are called in one by one and solemnly informed that their turn may come later and they are urged to get out and campaign for the party's nominee. Generally they do so and if their campaigning for the older man is impressive enough to warrant the chiefs of the Tammany Wigwam in keeping a hold on him, they are rewarded with the post of assistant district attorney. There is a veritable regiment of assistant district attorneys in New York and they remain assistant district attorneys until it is the turn of their district leader to choose a man for this office, if he has one available. Then, mayhap at last, the brilliant young



legal light, now an imposing rotund figure with greying locks, attains his ambition and is elected. Otherwise he resigns as assistant district attorney and goes back to practicing law or obtains a place on the bench as police magistrate, from which he may or may not rise to higher judgeships as Tammany dictates.

Hence when the press began to make flattering mention of Daniel Slade, and to point to him as a possible candidate for district attorney in the coming elections, the Judge spoke a word of warning.

"Don't take this newspaper stuff too seriously, Dan," said he, "it has been the ruin of many a young man. It isn't legal leadership so much as party fealty that qualifies a man for office. Of course, the politicians are always careful to choose a man who will do credit to the office, but patronage seldom falls to fledglings."

"I'm too busy to run for office," grinned Dan. "and too sensible to think I have a chance even if I wanted the office, which I certainly do not. There's not enough money in it for a young married man like me, who has to provide for a wife and two children."

"Yes," laughed the Judge, "being married certainly puts a burden on a young lawyer's shoulders. However, though being District Attorney is not so much in itself, it often leads to greater things. Eight of our District Attorneys have become Governor, you know."

"Well, I'm not interested," said Dan, "that Camorra case will keep me busy until after elections. However I think your statement about the politicians always being careful to choose a man who will do credit to the office seems to me rather broad. The last Democratic District Attorney certainly slipped up about that tunnel deal. He elected the Reform candidate himself."

"Oh, he was a sacrificial victim, that's all," said the Judge. "There was too much for somebody in that deal to allow a little thing like the District Attorneyship to stand in the way of putting it through."

"Personally I think the present incumbent stands a good chance of reelection," said Dan. "I don't agree at all with his methods, and think honestly he sometimes sacrifices justice to obtain a record of convictions. However, I really believe that on the whole, his record is as good as that of any probable candidate of the Democrats, and the voters will reelect him rather than take a chance on making a change."

Dan's prognostications on the coming elections were echoed by no less authorities than the "Big Chief" and his aides when they met in conclave preparatory to choosing candidates for the party ticket.

"We have more than a fighting chance for every office except District Attorney," declared Big Dan Darley, who had picked more winners in election returns than any man in the city. "But the people split the ticket to put this bird Clargen in office last time and believe me, it looks as though they'd do it again. This woman voting stuff throws a monkey wrench in our machinery. The present D. A. sure polled a lot of votes when he closed the unsafe movie theatres and sent the dealers in unsanitary milk to jail."

One after another the remaining leaders great and small voiced their opinions, for every man gets a hearing when the Tammany men meet. None however, disagreed with Big Dan Darley, and it was generally conceded that the party had not the ghost of a chance to elect a District Attorney.

Then the Big Chief—the Grand Sachem of Tammany spoke. It is a tradition that the Sachems shall be silent men—men who speak only when speech is absolutely necessary and then their few words are final. Perhaps there is no more maligned figure in politics than the Big Chief of Tammany Hall, just as there is no more maligned organization than Tammany itself. To the general public outside New York City—whose knowledge is absorbed from hostile sensational newspapers, Tammany is a den of thieves and murderers; its District Leaders are inferior men whose only law is violence and fear; whose only means of getting votes are bribery and corruption; who mulct the public of hard earned dollars; whose candidates are thugs; whose profits are steeped in orphans' tears and the blood of patriotic statesmen. At the head of all these, as heartless, the Chief sits a sombre, silent figure, sombre because of his black wickedness and heartless cunning, silent because of the remorse popularly supposed to be continually gnawing at his seared and blackened conscience.

To the New Yorker, however, Tammany Hall, though a popular target for abuse at election time, is really a powerful factor in the welfare of the city. Its charities are munificent and efficient. Woe to the District Leader who is found to have neglected a single poor family in his district at Christmas. Tammany deals out with a liberal hand coal in winter and ice in summer to the needy. It provides outings for mothers and children of the tenements. It conducts its own employment agencies free of charge and sees that work is given. It fights the powerful oppressor, be he landlord or corporation. Its candidates are

really honest and capable men as a rule and if an official prove unworthy of his trust, Tammany for its own good sees that he holds office no longer than the next election. At the same time it monopolizes patronage, and party loyalty is a prime requisite for obtaining favors. Its charity funds are not obtained by robbery of the city treasury but by voluntary contributions from merchants of the district, who, however they may vote for selfish interest, know that they will get just treatment and full protection from the organization. The criminal element is associated for the accidental reason that even the thug knows that his District Leader will see to it that he gets at least strict justice and a fair trial, and as much mercy as can be consistently obtained.

Naturally the Grand Sachem of Tammany is the most powerful figure in municipal affairs. Every official from the highest to the lowest knows that reelection or reappointment depends upon a nod from the man behind the throne. Each district leader, unless an insurgent holding power by sheer ability or popularity, hastens when the Big Chief beckons, speaks when bidden to speak, and remains silent when told to keep silence. Men have gone to jail for principles, but more than one man has died in fealty to Tammany and what it meant to him. The Big Chief seldom speaks save in conclave. His public utterances are few, for experience has taught that mysterious silence grips public imagination and endows the chieftain in the public mind with Sphinxlike wisdom.

So now in conclave, or conference, as Tammanyites prefer to style the general meetings, the Big Chief arose to voice his opinion. The gathering knew that he considered the issue of District Attorney vital and waited eagerly his utterance.

"What we want this time is not a politician—not a man with a previous record in office—but a youngster of ability—who will be able to fill the office with credit. Still he must be a figure who will appeal to the brains of solid men and the hearts of thoughtless men and women. He must be a good campaigner—that is a man who can make a speech, young enough and handsome enough to make a good figure for public appearance—shrewd enough to match Clargen—honest enough to do his duty—grateful enough to give us what is coming to us and nothing more. Gentlemen, name your man."

Eagerly every District Leader put forward his candidate and urged his claims. Patiently the Sachem listened and then said curtly:

"None of you have named a man who can be elected. Our candidate will be Mr. Daniel Slade of the firm of Mulrean and Slade. The Committee on Candidates will proceed to get busy and persuade him to run." Thus the conclave ended.

So it happened in spite of his protests, the Shrimp found himself at last persuaded by the eloquence of his partner, a staunch old Tammany man, and the enthusiastic encouragement of his pretty wife to be the candidate of his party, for the office of District Attorney.

A whirlwind campaign commenced. Instructed by the shrewd old politicians of Tammany, the Shrimp made no misstep. His speeches were clean-cut on plain issues of civic right and wrong and the remedies he proposed to apply if elected. On the other hand, his opponent conducted a bitter campaign of vilification and abuse. The pictures of Shrimp taken from the Rogues Gallery were blazoned forth on the front pages of newspapers. Incidents of his criminal career were dug up and embellished for public consumption. He was painted as a hypocrite and a pseudo-honest crook. In rebuttal of this, his supporters published his scholastic records—letters from his old professors—stories of his wonderful pleadings for first offenders, and pictures galore—pictures of himself, his wife, his children, and his father-in-law. The romantic story of his life was told and retold again. His athletic triumphs were emphasized—his private life glorified, his public life magnified, his faults minimized and his personality canonized. Two weeks before the elections old time political experts declared it was anybody's election. Then his opponent made a step which distracted attention for the time from the campaign issues. He maintained that criminality was a disease, and that the only way to cure it was to develop healthy bodies. He pointed to his efforts to provide clubs and athletic activities in the criminal districts as a great step in the cure of crime. Then he went a step further and praised himself as a patron of athletic sports. Finally with much music and hurrah, he presented to a famous athletic club the finest cup ever offered for a fifteen mile road race, announcing that he would be host at a banquet for the winner, who would certainly be a man worthy of honor by all the citizens. The athlete would drink from this solid gold loving cup, and then, pledging himself to carry out as District Attorney the ideals set by American athletes, he would drink from the cup in honor to a

man worthy in every respect of the highest traditions of City, State and Country.

"It is only on the running track that a man can be truly tried as an athlete," said he, "In football—baseball—basketball and every other sport his teammates can cover up the slacker and the coward on the team. But in a gruelling race a man shows really what is in him. No place for cowardice or meanness there, but only place for high courage and dogged determination. I shall be proud to imitate in Office the man who wins this race."

It was early evening when the District Attorney made this speech. Late that night a telegram summoned the Shrimp from a rally to the home of Tammany's Chieftain. When the Shrimp came forth he was chuckling and he laughed aloud as he boarded a train Westward bound.

"It's anybody's election," had said the Big Chief tersely. "We'll set New York laughing its head off. And the man who can make the people laugh at his opponent wins. It's up to you. Go West, young man, go West."

No person except the Judge, Irene and the Big Chief were in the secret of the Shrimp's disappearance in the heat of the campaign. His opponent seized the opportunity to renew his attacks on Dan's personal character. Every item that could be possibly used to hurt a man was called into play. If his opponent's estimate of the Shrimp were only half true, then hanging was too good for Dan Slade.

On the Saturday afternoon before election the road race was run. New York was surprised to hear that all the Tammany chieftains would be at the finish line. The banquet was scheduled for that same night, and the victor was privileged to invite his friends. On the grandstand at the finish stood men prominent in the Reform Party, whilst before the District Attorney on a pedestal stood the huge gold loving cup studded with diamonds. News came that the race had started and an unknown was in the lead. The unknown maintained the lead until the very finish and he crossed the line winner by a handsome margin over his nearest opponent.

New York chuckled when the winner of his rival's cup was announced as Dan Slade, his opponent. It roared with laughter when Clargen had to present the cup that night at the banquet and drink to his honor, pledging himself, if elected, to follow the ideals set by the Shrimp. In a word the City smiled and laughed and kept on laughing

gleefully until after election day, when Dan Slade won his second race within a week by being elected District Attorney by the largest plurality ever given a candidate for that office.

"You won in a laugh, Danny dear," said his wife, when the last returns were in.

"Please God, may I never have more cause for grief than I have this happy day," said the Shrimp, kissing her. "At last the Shrimp has become a whale."

The End.

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### ALWAYS TWO SIDES

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There are always two sides to a controversy. To hear one side and to shut one's ears to the other side is to do an injustice. This applies not only to serious matters, but to what is commonly called gossip. The gossip is too well known to need any description. All should strive to stamp out this malicious practice. The *Kansas City Star* writes:

"It is related of Hannah Moore, the English poet, that when a gossip undertook to tell her some scandal she would take the gossip by the sleeve and say: 'Let us go at once to this person and see if this story is true.' And she actually insisted in taking the gossip before the one she was talking about. The result was that all the gossips of the village were afraid to tell Hannah Moore any scandal."

Hannah Moore was not only a poet but she was a Christian woman. There would be less scandal given and fewer hearts wounded, and the world would be better for it, if every man and woman adopted the methods she employed.

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There's only one thing more aggravating in this world than a woman who gets noisy when she's mad, and that's one who gets quiet. The first breaks her spell of temper with the crockery, but the second simmers along like a freight engine on the track beside your berth—keeps you scared and ready to jump for fear she's going to blow off any minute; but she never does and gets it over with—just drizzles it out.

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Poverty talks, but nobody wants to hear what it has to say.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## LEARNT AT THE BATTLE FRONT

When Premier Herriot of France recently renewed the decree of condemnation against all religious orders in France, Rev. Paul Doncoeur, S.J., struck the keynote of the sentiments of all religious in the following eloquent address to the Premier:

"I lived twelve years in exile," he writes, "from the age of twenty-two until the age of thirty-four, the best part of my man's life. I forgive you for it. But on August 2, 1914, I was on my knees before my Superior: 'Tomorrow it is war,' I said, 'and my place is on the firing line.' And my Superior kissed me and gave me his blessing. On crazy trains, without mobilization orders (I was a reforme) and without military booklet, I followed the guns to Verdun. On August 20, at dawn, before the renewal of fighting, I went out to look for the wounded of the 115th and advanced beyond the outposts when, suddenly, I was surrounded by the cracking of 20 rifles; and I saw my comrade stretched, full-length, on the ground beside me, with his head crushed. The German post was thirty steps away. I felt at that moment that my heart was protecting the whole country. Never did I breathe the air of France with such pride nor tread her soil with such assurance.

"I do not understand how I was not killed at that time nor twenty times since. I was thrice wounded. I still have in my body a fragment of shell received in the Somme \* \* \* and after being demobilized I committed the crime of staying at home \* \* \* And now you show me the door!

"You must be joking, Mr. Herriot.

"But one does not joke over these things.

"Never, during fifty months, did you come to seek me out either at Tracy-le-Cal, or at the Fort of Vaux, or at Tahure. I did not see you anywhere talking about your 'laws on religious orders' and yet you dare to produce them today!

"Can you think of such a thing?



"Neither I nor any other man, nor any woman will take the road to Belgium again.

"Never!"

"You may do as you please, you may take our houses, you may open your prisons—so be it!

"But leave as we did in 1902? Never.

"Today we have more blood in our veins, and then, you see, as soldiers of Verdun we were in the right place to learn how to hold our ground! We were not afraid of bullets, or gas or the bravest soldiers of the Guard.

"And now I shall tell you why we shall not leave. Dispossession does not frighten us. We own neither roof nor field. Jesus Christ awaits us everywhere and suffices unto the end of the world.

"But we shall not leave because we do not want a Belgian, or an Englishman, or an American or a Chinaman or a German, to meet us, far from home some day and ask us certain questions to which we would be forced to reply with downcast head: 'France has driven us out.'

"For the honor of France—do you understand this word as I do?—for the honor of France we shall never again say such a thing to a foreigner. Therefore, we shall stay, every one of us. We swear it on the graves of our dead.

PAUL DONCOEUR, S.J."

The author of this letter is an officer of the Legion of Honor and was decorated nine times on the field of battle. One of the citations drawn by his commanding officers declared that "he has exposed his life many times in order to save those of others."

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Lots of folks is walkin' around just as dead as they can be. I believe in gettin' as much good outen life as you kin—not that I ever set out to look for happiness; seems like the folks that does, never finds it. I jest do the best I kin where the Lords puts me at, and it looks like I got a happy feelin' in me most all the time. (*Mrs. Wiggs.*)

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When you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper; and when you are in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## THE OLD YEAR

It is with a certain feeling of satisfaction one looks at a work completed, a task accomplished.

Another year has passed away. There is no use in crying over spilled milk,—but it is of immense advantage to cast a look over the year just past, in order to see whether there are any lessons to be learnt from it.

May of the troubles and worries that cost so much,—much of the heart-sore you had to bear,—came from some defect or failing of your own.

Will you repeat?

Many of the joys you missed, and much of the happiness that was spoiled, you will see now when soberly looking over the past days, could have been salvaged by a little more virtue on your part.

Will you learn?

## WITH GOD

It is good to begin the New Year with courage and confidence. Generally the things you think are coming to you, do actually come to you, provided you think strongly enough.

It is good to begin with a smile. The smile becomes habitual, and make you and those around you happier. A smile may open a door for you and win a welcome and a "Come again."

It is good to begin with prudence, calculating your powers and abilities, so as not to over-reach yourself, and bring on discouragement.

It is good to begin with a resolution or two, something to strive for in the way of personal improvement and advancement.

But it is most important to begin with God and to continue with Him. He is all in all to us: courage, confidence, smile, prudence, resolve,—if only we be truly united with Him.

"The peace of God which surpasseth all understanding, keep your minds and hearts in Christ Jesus, Our Lord."

## LOOKING FORWARD

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The new year is offered to you. You can make of it what you choose.

Years are nothing in themselves. They are only the measure of your growth or deterioration.

We do not grow like mushrooms; we grow by our thoughts, words and deeds. "We live by deeds, not years."

Sorrow, toil, pleasure, bereavement, illness, success, failure,—the whole list of them, are only things that happen to us. Our personality comes out of them either greater, stronger and more beautiful,—or weaker, poorer, less estimable. It depends on what use we make of them.

Someone has said: God makes the girl, she makes the woman. More truly can we say: God gives us our soul, we can make of it saint or sinner.

It is an awful responsibility; but it is also a glorious opportunity. For that chance, every effort should be welcome.

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## MYTHS

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It is a very praiseworthy accomplishment to convert someone or to lead him to a better life. It is one of the noblest achievements possible—more than painting a masterpiece or carving a beautiful statue.

It is a goal which many a young girl—fallen in love with a man in whom she sees some serious defect or excess, sets herself—in the uncertain light of love. "I'll marry him and reform him,"—"I'll surely give it up after we are married"—these may well be listed among modern fables—and tragedies.

Doris Blake had this to say recently in The Chicago Tribune:

"If it is only a little fault, with nothing more vital at stake than a matter of too much smoking, or an excess of eating, it is all very well to marry first, and then do the best you can to make him over.

"But if it is a matter of more fundamental importance, something which if not corrected can wreck happiness and home and family, it is little short of the maddest folly to marry with a view of reforming him afterwards.

"A woman seldom makes a greater appeal to a man's desire to show his best side than in the prenuptial days when his desire for her is stirred to its greatest heights. If he won't change then, he will not change afterwards, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred."

The time to reform is before marriage.

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### DISTANCE AND DESIRE

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The Denver Catholic Register in a recent issue tells of a Forty Hours devotion celebrated in Akron, Colorado. It says:

"At the first Mass on Sunday a most edifying example was given, when every member of the crowded church received Holy Communion. Distance was disregarded. Two families travelled forty-five miles to be present at the first Mass and to receive Holy Communion."

It is a fact noted by many a pastor that those who have most opportunity of attending divine services on Sundays, are often the very ones who most easily excuse themselves from attendance or find most reasons for coming late.

It is not so much, evidently, that the distance or the difficulty is too great. It is rather that the desire of being at Holy Mass is too weak, because there is no real understanding of what Holy Mass means.

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### WHAT THE SERMON DID

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It is told of a Boston priest that he was once complimented for a sermon he had preached by one of his parishioners. The priest was eager to know:

"What was it in particular that struck you about the sermon?"

There was no reply.

"Why, tell me," urged the priest.

"I don't remember anything in particular," replied the man. "But you see, Father, it's just like this. My wife puts my shirt in water, soap and blueing on Monday. Next Sunday I get it out. There's nothing of these in it. And still the shirt is much better off for it all. And so am I for your sermon,—much better off, though I cannot recall anything in particular of it."

# Our Lady's Page

## Mary, The Mother of Perpetual Help

### WHEN HER CHILD IS IN DANGER

The King in all his glory and the pauper in his misery—all realize the truth of Solomon's inspired words: "And being born I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth—and the first voice I uttered was crying, as all others do." (Wisd. VII-4-6). Every Christian mother knows only too well the truth of these prophetic words. And therefore she is most anxious to place her child under the protection of the Blessed Virgin as early as possible.

A child is weak, tender, defenseless. It does not even know how to reveal its pains to those who can help it. And because of its weakness it is liable to many dangers of life and limb.

When the pet of the family is in any danger—how the house is disturbed. Everybody is quiet; everybody is anxious. And most anxious of all is the mother. She will try everything at her command to relieve the infant of its distress. And the while she prepares and uses natural means, she is also praying to the heavenly Mother to aid.

Again we go to the old Testament for examples of a mother's love and attention when her off-spring is in any danger. We meet there the bond-woman Hagar, who, driven out by Abraham for the protection of his beloved son Isaac, took the means of sustenance which Abraham gave her and set out into the wilderness. When, however, the water and bread were consumed and her child began to feel the pangs of hunger she began storming heaven for aid. And God, through an angel showed her a place where cool, refreshing water was to be had.

The Mother of Moses acted in a similar manner. The edict of the King had been issued: All Jewish male children must be done away with! This mother prays for light. As a result of her prayer she conceives the idea of saving the life of her child by use of a hand-basket. After the child had been placed among the bulrushes (of the Nile) the mother's prayers are redoubled. And her confidence has its reward. The daughter of the very Pharaoh himself comes to the spot for her

daily bath, rescues the child, has it educated in her name and thus is the instrument of God for the future of His own people.

The life of Our Lord was also in danger through the edict of an impious king. And Mary and Joseph were the instruments used by God Himself to save the life of the Savior of mankind.

We can easily imagine the anxious moments of that journey to Egypt. And as Joseph and Mary took all precautions so too must every Christian mother use all the means at her command in times of danger. If it is sickness she must not neglect the advice of competent physicians; if it happens to be a danger of some other kind her motherly sense will usually guide her to the right means. And above all other useful things in these hours of sorrow Prayer holds the first place. What kind of prayer? To the Blessed Mother of Christ; the Mother of Perpetual Help.

When St. Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, was at the point of death his pious parents took the dying infant in their arms and carried him to the altar of Mary in the nearest parish church. There they laid him upon the altar and then prayed: "Mary, Help of Christians, pray God for us, that He may have mercy on us and our child and restore it to health!" Thus they prayed for a long time and in their piety even promised that they would encourage their child to study for the priesthood. The child grew better, and though the Most High did not call him to be a servant at the altar, He made of him one of the greatest and brightest models of Christian virtue that ever adorned any royal throne. Thus did Mary again show herself—the true Perpetual Help of Christians. She too was a mother who knew anxious moments during the infancy of her Child and she cannot but be most anxious to help every mother who calls upon her for aid. "Perpetual Help of Christians, Pray for us!"

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#### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"I wish to make a public thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for a favor received, which looked very doubtful a few months ago. I promised to donate fifty dollars to the seminary at Oconomowoc, Wis., if I received this favor. Enclosed the fifty dollars. Thanking our Blessed Mother for past favors and favors to be received, I remain, Yours truly."—St. Louis.

## Catholic Events

The Mission Exhibit to be set up in connection with the Jubilee Year celebrations in 1925, promises to be one of the most unique and wonderful exhibits ever shown. That alone will repay the people who have the good fortune to take part in the various pilgrimages to the Eternal City which are being arranged.

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Pope Pius XI, in the midst of his arduous duties, does not forget the needs of the unfortunate. Recently he sent 100 books to the inmates of a prison at Volterra, in Tuscany. A kind personal message and His Holiness' blessing for the prisoners, the personnel of the institution and all those engaged in the rehabilitation of the unfortunates, accompanied the gift.

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Almost every Sunday morning, crowds of little boys and girls, dressed in white and led by their parish priests, may be seen making their way through the streets of Rome to the Vatican. It is the Holy Father's most pleasant duty to receive and bless these little ones. One recent audience numbered more than 3,000. The Holy Father said to them:

"We hope that your Communion will be your daily bread, and that with continual Communions the blessed fruits of your first Communion will be multiplied, so that you may become true Christians worthy of being imitated and pointed out as models of all those near you."

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The Extension Bulletin, the Annual official bulletin of the Church extension Society, presents a most interesting record, and some rather astonishing figures. The Society is in existence now about twenty years. In this time it has built 2,471 church buildings in 43 different States. Of these buildings, 2,309 are churches, 105 schools and convents for teaching sisters, 57 priest's houses. These churches have served over 542,000 Catholics, who otherwise would probably have no means of attending divine service. In this work the Society has spent \$1,768,540.00 during these years.

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Some of their statistics are very enlightening. In the East there are 10,137 churches; in the West, 6,443. In the East there are 16,377 clergy; in the West, 5,266. In the East there is a priest for every 35 square miles; in the West, for every 465 square miles. In the East the average Catholic has to go  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles to church; in the West the average Catholic has 30 miles to church, and some have as far as 75 miles. This is sufficient to show how great is the need of such work as the Extension Society is doing.



In the death of Cardinal Logue, during the latter part of November, the Church lost a great man and Ireland a great patriot. All the daily papers were full of his praise for his prudence during the difficult times in Ireland. The New York Sun, in a long editorial, said: "A peasant he was by birth and he never changed much from being a peasant. But he was a peasant whom the Holy Ghost had touched. It mattered not what the subject was, when Logue spoke on it, no one who listened to his words or read them could doubt the shining sincerity of his spirit."

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According to figures presented in the evangelistic program of the Federated Churches, there are in Cleveland, a community of 1,000,000 people, over three hundred thousand persons who are not affiliated with any church or synagogue. These figures include 110,000 children who receive no religious instruction whatsoever. According to the report, there are in the city 352,000 Protestants with 358 churches; 336,000 Roman Catholics with 78 churches; 85,000 Jews with 29 synagogues; and 15,000 Greek and Orthodox members with 20 churches.

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The Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Curley, Bishop of Syracuse, N. Y., issued an appeal for the Catholic Charities of the diocese. The amount sought was one million dollars. The campaign was carried on by a corps of six thousand workers from Nov. 16 to Nov. 24. The grand total of subscriptions secured was \$1,707,125,—an oversubscription of more than seven hundred thousand dollars. Based on the Catholic population of the diocese the per capital subscription was \$8.50. Practically every parish oversubscribed its allotted quota.

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The Bishops in China, in their efforts to secure a native priesthood, have now no less than fifty seminaries with 1,780 boys, and forty-three seminaries for philosophy and theology with 607 Chinese preparing for ordination.

\* \* \*

Among the students of the Catholic Institute of Paris who were ordained this year, there are two who deserve special mention. One was a Japanese, Dr. Vincent Totsuka, who before entering the seminary was assistant professor of surgery at the Imperial University of Hok-Kaido. The other was a Dane, Abbe Clay, of Benzon, who was the first priest to be ordained in Denmark since the Reformation.

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An anti-Catholic publication in Florida, called "The National Pilgrim," in order to secure more prestige recently printed a list of eighty-seven outstanding Americans,—Congressmen, Admirals, Generals, etc.,—as vice-presidents of their publication. The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia took up the matter. They sent copies of the paper to all the men concerned asking their replies. The answers received were all in the following style: "I have no recollection whatever of even having heard of the National Council of Pilgrims. I

am confident that I neither was asked nor agreed to be one of its vice-presidents." Hon. James M. Beck, Solicitor-general of the United States.—"I was surprised to find my name in the list of vice-presidents of the said National Pilgrim, as I have never heard of the publication before." Maj. Gen. S. D. Sturgis, U. S. A.—"It is inconceivable that an organization using names without permission can long endure." Admiral Bradley Fiske, U. S. N. The paper was suspended. But it shows the tactics of bigots.

\* \* \*

The Denver Catholic Register carried the following news item: Miss Christine Agnes Ziegler, a pupil of the third year High school of the Sacred Heart, just past sixteen, left for Quebec, Canada, to become a novice of the Franciscan Institute of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. She was a daily communicant. The history of the order is then given.

\* \* \*

The institute was founded by a noble young lady of Brittany, Helene de Neuville in 1877. After 40 years the order is divided into eleven provinces with ten novitiates, and counts more than 4,000 sisters in 176 houses. There are at present 20,000 children in their orphanages, workshops and schools in all parts of the world, India, China, Japan, Peru, etc. They manage six leprosy hospitals, four lazarets for sleeping sickness, thirty-seven hospitals, with 33,000 sick people, and sixty dispensaries where treatments amount to over 1,200,000 a year. In 1922 the baptisms were 22,481, of whom 6,414 were adults.

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This is the way in which a writer in a recent number of "The Ladies' Home Journal" explains the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady. The article is a discussion of Murillo's famous picture:

"The explanation is that in the year 1617 the Spanish church set its seal on the vision of the saintly Portuguese nun, Beatrix da Silva, who in the previous century had miraculously seen the Virgin as a girl of thirteen or so, floating in space in a robe of blue and white, with the moon at her draped feet, above her head the stars, and cherubim, symbolizing maternity, all about her. Such,—and no mortal woman,—was the mother of Our Lord. Upon this vision the Spanish section of the Church imposed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin as well as of her Son. Whereas the Son's birth otherwise was normal, the Virgin, as I understand it, was created spontaneously in the air. One moment she was not; the next she was incorporated among the elements, ready in due time to descend to earth and fulfil her amazing destiny. The Church indeed having added this article to its faith, insisted upon the manner in which it is to be depicted and careful rules were drawn up for ecclesiastical painters to obey."

Did you ever hear anything like it? With thousands of Catholic books at hand to tell him what our doctrine is, the writer nevertheless has the effrontery to print such stuff and non-sense. No doubt, he calls himself a scientist!

# Some Good Books

*Espiritu Santo.* A novel by Henrietta Dana Skinner. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

Without hesitation we agree with those who call this one of the best Catholic stories written. It is truly "the story of a love, faithful unto death." *Espiritu Santo* (the Holy Ghost), the heroine of the story, was named according to a quite common Spanish custom of naming children for the feast of our Lord and the Saints. This explains her name that will sound strange to Northern ears. *Espiritu* was born on the Feast of Pentecost.

At their first sad parting, Theodore had exacted a solemn promise from his little *Espiritu*. "'Promise me, *Espiritu*,' he said, and his voice was hushed and low but very clear, 'promise me this: If you die first, take me to heaven with you!'" Little *Espiritu* made the promise, and faithfully she kept it, so that Theodore's brother could later send the message that forms the closing words of the book, "Our beloved Theodore has gone to meet *Espiritu* in heaven."

*Kelly.* By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.50 net.

After reading this new novel from the pen of Father Scott, we heartily second the review of it by Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., Director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He writes:

"This story has four conspicuous qualities: 1. As a narrative, it easily holds the reader's attention. 2. It emphatically endorses labor unions. 3. It brings out in strong light the dishonesty of some labor leaders. 4. It exhibits the beneficial effects of Christian principles as applied to the relations between employer and employee."

We can therefore recommend it to our readers as combining at once very pleasant reading and some solid information on a matter regarding which

no earnest American Catholic can afford to be ignorant.

*Summary of the Religious Life for Congregations of Sisters.* By Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. Published by Fr. Pustet & Co., 52 Barclay St., New York. Price, 35c.

In this Summary are presented to the Religious, in short paragraphs, the conclusions of Saints and other ascetic writers, concerning religious life and practice, to help them on the path of religious perfection. It will be of help to the Mistress of Novices, to the professed Sisters, and likewise to young ladies in the world who are deliberating on their vocation.

*The New Missal for Every Day.* By Father Lasance. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price in imitation leather, red edges, \$2.75. Finer bindings, from \$3.25 to \$9.50.

This is a revised edition of the well-known English translation of the Missal (the book used by the priest when Saying Holy Mass). Its intelligent use will prove a valuable aid to the devout assistance at the August Sacrifice of the Altar. An appendix of some 150 pages includes various Litanies, prayers for Holy Communion, Way of the Cross, and other devotions, making it a complete prayer-book as well.

*The Catholic's Manual.* Published by Diederich-Schaefer Co., Milwaukee. Price, in various styles of bindings, from \$1.20 to \$5.00.

A combined prayer and instruction book "specially prepared for the use of Catholics who wish to practice their religion understandingly." It is neatly gotten up, and despite its almost 600 pages, of convenient size. We can assure our readers that they will find this Manual one that will answer every need of the earnest, prayerful Catholic.

*Daily Companion.* Published by Joseph Schaefer, 23 Barclay Street, New York. Price, \$4.50 per hundred.

A handy little prayer book for all, containing the essential prayers and devotions.

# Lucid Intervals

Apple: "Dingbat has something very precious in his cellar."

Matty: "What is it, a barrel of whiskey?"

Apple: "No, something much better than that, four tons of coal."

"I hear he drinks something awful."  
"Yeah, I tasted it."

The old lady was timidly inspecting the stock of spectacles.

"How much are these?" she asked, selecting a pair.

"A dollar and a half, madam."

"And how much without the case?"

"Well, the case makes little difference. Suppose we say \$1.45."

"What? Is the case only worth five cents?"

"Yes, madam," firmly.

"Well, I'm very glad to hear it; it's the case I want."

And, placing a nickel on the counter, the dear old lady took up the case and walked timidly into the street, while the optician gasped for breath.

"Bobby, my son," exclaimed the dismayed mother as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet. "Haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything?"

"Yes, Mother," said the boy cheerfully, "and this is the place."

An American religious organization declares that there is no Hades. This has impressed us so deeply that we have decided to send for our income-tax collector and tell him that we understand it isn't possible for him to do as we told him.

Cullom: "Do you think I can make my wife happy?"

Gillingham: "Well, she'll always have something to laugh at."

Schram the Motorist (having killed the lady's puppy)—Madam, I will replace the animal.

Indignant Owner—Sir, you flatter yourself.

They wandered by the seashore and listened to the age-old croning of the waves. The tide was coming in. The girl seemed enthralled by the beauty of the wild scene.

"Why is it, George, that the tide moans when it is coming in?" she asked dreamily.

"Why shouldn't it moan when it has passed the three-mile limit and is coming in to dry land?"

The Mississippi banker asked a man who was trying to borrow money: "How much have you in the way of immediate liquid assets?"

To which the customer cautiously replied: "About a case and a half."

"Rastus, how was the flask of whisky I gave you?"

"Jes' right, boss, jes' right!"

"What do you mean, jes' right?"

"Well, if it had been any better you wouldn't a guv it to me, an' if it had been any wuss it would have killed me."

"Who was the poet who wrote about 'man's inhumanity to man'?" asked Mr. Bibbles in a choking voice.

"I don't recall," said Mr. Jagsby.

"What reminded you of that quotation?"

"I've just discovered that I paid \$10 for a quart of cold tea."

Visitor—I suppose the citizens of your town have plenty of public spirit.

Native—Well, you can get it if you know how, but I wouldn't go so far as to call it public.

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,  
The height of the contents to see;  
He lighted a match to assist him—  
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

"O would I were a bird!" she sang,  
And each disgusted one  
Who listened thought this wicked  
thought—

"O would I were a gun!"

## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.) .....	\$3,496.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.)...	2,055.27
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.) .....	497.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.) .....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)..	2,007.00

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Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$1,604.69; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$1,923.46; Burse of St. Joseph, \$642.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,928.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$152.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$242.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$422.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$225.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1,250.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$251.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1,250.00.

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## Books

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### The Ideal Gift

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C.Ss.R.

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